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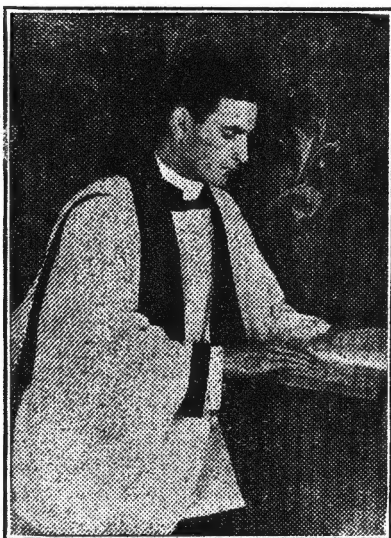
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By

REV. W. EVERARD EDMONDS

Author of "Broad Horizons."

With a Foreword by

THE MOST REV. S. P. MATHESON, D.D., D.C.L.

Archbishop of Rupert's Land and Primate of all Canada

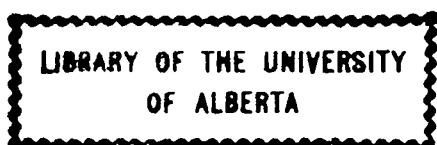


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To My Alma Mater

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FOREWORD

The author of "In a College Library" has asked me to write a brief foreword to the readers of this little book, and that I am glad to do for several reasons.

In the first place, it is published in the year of Manitoba's Jubilee and anything written in connection with an anniversary of the Red River Settlement appeals warmly to me, for its early days are fragrant with very precious memories of my boyhood and early life.

In the second place, the booklet appears concurrently with the celebration of the Centenary of the Church of England in Rupert's Land, and its first chapter indicates how closely the Church's history has been bound up with St. John's College and St. John's College School where I spent so many happy years.

In the third place, this little work written by a graduate of St. John's College is published in its aid and in its honour, all proceeds from sales being donated to the College War Memorial Extension Fund. As an Old Boy of the College School and an alumnus of the College, I very heartily commend Mr. Edmonds' effort to the reading public and trust that it may have a sale commensurate with its aim and with its merits.

S. P. RUPERT'S LAND.

*Bishop's Court,
Winnipeg.*

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I.
ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE AND COLLEGE
SCHOOL



I. ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE AND COLLEGE SCHOOL.

"Oh! There are voices of the past,
Links of a broken chain;
Wings that bear me back to times
Which cannot come again.
Yet God forbid that I should lose
The echoes that remain."

THE celebration of the Centenary of the Anglican Church in Rupert's Land serves to remind us of the swift passing of time. It is only a hundred years ago since Lord Selkirk died in Southern France wondering in his last hours what fate should befall the little colony he had tried so hard to establish on the banks of the distant Red. As his thoughts reverted to the bloody scenes of strife enacted there through the conflicting interests of the two great fur-trading companies, he had sufficient cause for anxiety, for how was he to know that within a year these two deadly rivals would compose their differences and find peace in union? Even at that moment, as the shadows began to deepen in the death-chamber of the stricken earl, a messenger shod with the preparation of the Gospel of Peace was setting out for Hudson's Bay, in order to make his way southward to Red River Valley.

The Red River Settlement did not afford an inviting prospect to the eye of this first clergyman of the Church of England in Western Canada—the Rev. John West—and he records his first impressions as follows:

“I saw but few marks of human industry in the cultivation of the soil. Almost every inhabitant we passed bore a gun upon his shoulder, and all appeared in a wild hunter-like state. There was no Protestant Manse, church or schoolhouse, which obliged me to take up my abode at the Colony Fort where the ‘*Charge d’Affaires*’ of the Settlement resided, and who kindly afforded the accommodation of a room for divine worship on the Sabbath. My ministry was generally well attended by the settlers; and soon after my arrival I got a log house repaired about three miles below the Fort among the Scotch population, where the schoolmaster took up his abode and began teaching from twenty to twenty-five of the children.”

The Mission School, thus early established, was afterwards carried on by Mr. West’s successor, the Rev. David Jones, as a boarding-school under the name of Red River Academy. The first headmaster was the Rev. John Macallum, a man of scholarly attainments, who for a time had been classical master of a school in Blackheath. Under his fostering care the Academy prospered amazingly, and many of its graduates became leading men in the colony.

The year 1849 marks the appointment of the Right Rev. David Anderson as first Bishop of Rupert's Land. The Rev. John Macallum died on the very day of Bishop Anderson's arrival, and as a consequence, the Bishop at once took up his residence at St. John's, and in addition to his other duties, entered upon the work of teaching at the Academy which Mr. Macallum had so successfully conducted. It was during Bishop Anderson's regime that Red River Academy received its new name of St. John's College, and became a training school for clergy and laymen as well as for boys. The College, however, met with trying days during the period which elapsed between the resignation of Bishop Anderson in the autumn of 1864, and the arrival of his successor, Bishop Machray, in October of the following year. The maintenance of the College had been an increasing burden during the Bishop's residence at St. John's, and during his absence it was closed.

Bishop Machray arrived at Red River in 1865 and immediately threw himself into the work of church organization with characteristic vigor. In his opinion, religion and education went hand in hand, and he at once began to take steps toward the early re-opening of St. John's College. Just a month after his arrival in the Settlement he wrote to one of the great English missionary societies as follows:

"I believe that the whole success of my efforts

here will depend, under God, upon the success of what I purpose—to establish a College for the training of those who wish a better education, in the fear of God, in useful learning, and in conscientious attachment to our church.” Leaving no stone unturned he went forward to make this possible and at length on November 1st, 1866, St. John’s was re-opened with an attendance of three students of theology in the College proper, and nineteen pupils in the College school.

The staff at this time consisted of Dr. John McLean, afterwards Bishop of Saskatchewan, a distinguished graduate of Aberdeen University who acted as warden and lecturer in classics; the devoted bishop himself, who lectured in mathematics, ecclesiastical history and Liturgiology; and the Rev. Samuel Pritchard, uncle of the present revered Archbishop of Rupert’s Land, who taught English, arithmetic and bookkeeping. Under the guidance of these able men the College went steadily forward, and since that day more than half a century ago, there has been no looking back.

In 1883 the present building was erected. Upon its completion it was occupied by students of the College, while the old building, on the river bank, was given up entirely to the boys of the school. In the fall of 1890, owing to the dilapidated state of the old College, the boys were given quarters in the new structure and for twenty-two years the work of the College and school was carried on under

great difficulties in the same building. At the end of that time temporary quarters were erected for the student body, the original building being required to accommodate the increasing number of boys. It is now proposed to build another wing or college hall in memory of that noble army of Johnians who gave their lives during the war.

And what a glorious lustre the sacrifices of these men have shed upon the name of their *Alma Mater*! Who could have dreamed that from the rude log building on the banks of the Red which in 1820 the Rev. John West had repaired and converted into a parochial school there would develop in less than a century such an influential institution as exists today? And who would have dared to prophesy that in the day of the Empire's extremity, St. John's would be capable of sending her men by hundreds to defend the cause of righteousness, gaining by their heroic conduct not only positions of trust and high command, but also the most coveted distinctions bestowed by a grateful country on her loyal and devoted sons? Surely, as we celebrate the Centenary of the Anglican Church in Rupert's Land, we do well to remember the important contribution made to higher education in Western Canada by St. John's College and St. John's College School, but we do better to cherish the memory of the high character of those who are gone, and to say with the mourning prophet of old: "My soul hath them still in remembrance, and is humbled in me."

II.
ENGLISH PUBLIC SCHOOLS AND
COLLEGES.

II. ENGLISH PUBLIC SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES.

"Who misses or who wins the prize,
Go, lose or conquer as you can;
But if you fail, or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman."

ST. JOHN'S College School is modelled on the lines of the great English public school system of the Motherland. The English system, if it may be called such, is chiefly the result of tradition and accident. It has not the symmetry and completeness of some of the continental educational systems, and its history is a long record of anomalies and compromises.

Thus it has come to pass that the history of English education is closely associated with the history of religion. Before the Reformation, when educational advantages were the special privilege of rich men or of priests, there were chiefly two forms of discipline, that of the cloister and that of the castle or manor-house. The young squire or nobleman was sufficiently educated if he could ride and hunt and was skilled in the arts of war. Sir Walter Scott makes the Earl of Douglas express the prevailing distrust of book-learning when he says of young Marmion:

"At first in heart it liked me ill
When the king praised his clerkly skill,"
"Thanks to St. Bothan, son of mine
Save Gawain, ne'er could pen a line."

Gawain was designed for the priest-hood.

This close connection between religion and education accounts for the prominent place given to the study of Latin and Greek in English education. Greek, so to speak, was the mother-tongue of the church. The founder of Christianity spoke a dialect of it; St. Paul wrote in it. But as the Church extended her influence into the west, Latin became the universal tongue of educated men. As before the Reformation most of the English schools were connected with cathedrals and monasteries, it was only natural that Greek and Latin should be the chief subjects even when those schools were placed beyond the control of the Church.

Aside from the grammar schools and public schools which sprang up in great profusion during the reigns of Edward VI. and Elizabeth, England provides a system of free education of comparatively recent date known as the board schools. These are closely akin to our own schools for primary education. As it would be impossible in the space allotted to do justice to these useful institutions, the present sketch is restricted entirely to the education of the boy of good family and of more or less well-to-do parents, who attends one of the great public schools with the intention of proceeding later on to the university. Hear then the story of Jones, Jr., a typical child of the great middle class!

Affiliated with most of the public schools, are numerous preparatory schools, and at the age of

six or seven Jones Jr. is sent to one of these. They are usually situated in some healthy spot such as at Malvern among the hills, or at Eastbourne by the sea. At Eastbourne there are dozens of these private institutions where the young English lad receives a thorough grounding in the classics, learns to play cricket, and is taught the great school commandment which embraces all others, that under no circumstances whatsoever must he ever inform on a fellow pupil.

Jones Jr. at the age of thirteen or fourteen having completed his course at the preparatory school, now enters the land of his heart's desire, the public school. There are approximately a hundred private institutions in England known as public schools, grammar schools and colleges. Strictly speaking, only four of these have the right to call themselves public schools, the fortunate ones being Winchester, Eton, Rugby and Harrow. Eton is the most aristocratic, the costliest and the largest. It dates from 1441, and houses over a thousand pupils whom it educates at an annual cost of a thousand dollars each. Winchester, founded somewhat earlier, is the most conservative, the smallest, and the least expensive, and therefore always has a long waiting list.

Each of these great schools has certain quaint customs peculiar to itself. At Winchester the boys dine off wooden trenchers just as they did in medieval times. At Rugby a new man must not put his hands in his pockets during the first term. When

he reaches the second term he is allowed to put one hand in. When the third term arrives both hands may be pocketed.

London has its full share of fine old schools, but Westminster is about the only one that remains where it began. The Charterhouse, where Thackeray was educated, has been moved out into the Surrey hills. Christ's Hospital, the celebrated Blue-coat school, whose boys may always be distinguished by their long blue coats and yellow stockings, is now located at Horsham.

St. Paul's School was removed some time ago from the precincts of the great cathedral and is now situated in the west end. It will be remembered that its founder, Dean Colet, provided for the free education of one hundred and fifty-three boys, that being the number of fishes taken by St. Peter in the miraculous draught recorded in Scripture. These one hundred and fifty-three "fishes," as they are called, still obtain their education free, and are distinguished from the other five hundred pupils by the little metal fish which each wears on his watch chain.

Now, whichever school our little friend, Jones Jr., enters, he will find two paths of glory open to him one scholastic, the other athletic. Needless to say, distinction in sport is much preferred to proficiency in study. It is bad taste at most public schools to assume anything but a bored indifference towards study. All enthusiasm is reserved for games, and

to be too clever is resented as being un-English. Thus the quality which is most encouraged and rewarded in Germany is repressed in English schools by unwritten laws among the boys themselves.

Not more than one boy in ten works his hardest and he is usually dubbed a "sap" as it is folly to be wise. Genius is tolerated only in a turn for apt quotation as when a boy accused a master of needing a "crib," and another promptly quoted from Isaiah 1.3: "The ass knoweth his master's crib."

The average boy, however, would rather win a Harrow "fez" than gain the greatest literary prize his school can bestow. The "fez" is the cap of honor worn by the football team. A boy must know the rules of the game by heart, and the examination he passes before the house eleven is more severe than any classical trial he may be called upon to confront.

When a boy attains the distinction of being appointed prefect of his school his athletic prowess is taken into account as well as his scholarship. A prefect is a head boy who, in some schools, has the right to administer punishment. It is one of the peculiar features of English social life that a man will send his son to a school where a fellow-pupil will give him an ignominious whipping without his daring to strike back. Another peculiarity is the system of "fagging." This means that for a certain

time a boy must render menial service to an older boy who may be altogether his social inferior outside the school.

"Side" or uppishness is suppressed with an iron hand, or more frequently with the toe of a boot. A nobleman's son once introduced himself at Eton as Lord C——, son of the Earl of C——. The whole house promptly kicked him twice, once for Lord C——, and once for the Earl of C——. A foreign prince at Harrow was once mentioned as a likely candidate for the Spanish throne. The poor boy had to be removed as half the school took the necessary steps towards being able in after years to boast that they had once kicked a king of Spain.

Punishment takes the form of birching or swishing, though at Winchester the birch is not used, the "swish" being made of four slim branches cut from an apple tree. As fagging is gradually disappearing, so swishing by prefects is falling into disuse. Today the boy who rules by moral suasion rather than by physical force is accounted the perfect prefect.

But we must return to Jones Jr., who, having completed his public school course, is now looking forward to a wider career at the university. To the ordinary individual, it would seem that there are quite a number of universities to choose from. But when Jones Jr. speaks of "the universities" he has in mind only two, Oxford and Cambridge. Provincial universities like Leeds and Liverpool are more practical. Birmingham and Manchester are more

scientific. London University is far more thorough. But the sacred twins, Oxford and Cambridge, have a distinction all their own.

Both of these historic retreats are situated in comparatively small towns, and this no doubt has given rise to the many historic battles between Town and Gown. The first scrimmage of which we have any record took place in the reign of King John, when two students at Oxford were seized and hanged by the irate citizens. In the next century a battle royal ensued between the two parties, and when the conflict was ended forty students and twenty-three citizens lay dead upon the field.

In ordinary peace times there are about thirteen hundred students at Oxford, and eleven hundred at Cambridge. Both universities consist of a group of colleges, each having a "head" or president, a number of "fellows," a squad of "tutors," a sprinkling of "scholars" and the large body of undergraduates. These undergraduates are obliged to attend chapel at eight, dine in hall at five, be indoors by nine, and in general to attend a tutor's class in the morning, and a lecture in the afternoon. To return to college after nine in the evening constitutes a fault; after midnight a grave fault; to sleep out of college, a very grave fault.

The university course covers three years of work. During the first year about all that is done is to review the lessons learned at school. The first two examinations are chiefly grammatical, being based

upon the works of two or three Greek and Latin authors. The third consists of the same subjects considered from a much broader point of view. At the end of his course the undergraduate has the choice of three final examinations, one in mathematics, one in science, and a third in languages, history, law and political economy.

The first visit of Jones Jr. to the university takes place during his final year at school. It takes the form of a more or less strained interview with the head of the chosen college who, on this occasion, decides whether he will or will not admit into his scholastic circle the scion of the house of Jones. If the interview is favorable, at the end of the year our young friend sits for his matriculation examination usually called "responsions" or "smalls."

This time, Jones Jr. dines in hall, sitting at a table set apart for those who are in the same plight as himself. The examination lasts seven days, and failure in one paper means failure in all. Only twenty-five per cent. as a rule survive, and our young friend can hardly contain himself when he learns that he is one of the lucky twenty-five. At last he is a "university man," and must be looked up to by admiring relatives and friends.

During his first year, Jones Jr. finds his own particular niche in college life. Various captains and club officials call upon him to assess his prowess. Will he join the beagles? Does he intend to row? Is he a cricketer? Will he take up debating?

A freshman may repel every one of these advances and yet lead a happy life, though his influence will be nil. He may be a "swat"—work night and day yet the college will only smile; it will not "rag" him. To achieve a ragging, a man must make himself positively objectionable.

Broadly speaking, one may find the university like the public school divided into two well defined classes. The one aspires to scholastic honors, the other has only sufficient ambition to win a degree. The members of the latter class may often be seen closeted with their special tutors, but only under compulsion can they be persuaded to attend the lectures of the more learned professors.

Ah, those professors! They deserve more than passing mention. What Cambridge graduate would forgive us if we omitted the name of Dr. Munro, that passionate lover of figs? One season the well-known Trinity College fig tree produced but one enormous fruit. This the famous Latin scholar tended until the eve before eating when he affixed his card with the legend, "Dr. Munro's fig." Next morning the fig was gone and the card bore an added line, "A fig for Dr. Munro."

Or what erstwhile dweller beside the Isis could forget the celebrated Dr. Spooner, the author of those delightful verbal twists to which he has given his name? An Oxford undergraduate met the doctor one morning rushing to catch the London train, his handbag in one hand, his footrug in the

other. "Here, quick, quick!" gasped the professor. "Take my rag and bug! I want to catch the town-drain!"

We smile, but not in the same light-hearted way we did a few years ago, for in no sphere has the war wrought greater changes than in that of education. Greater changes are imminent and it is doubtful if the old sixteenth century curriculum can survive much longer. The founders of the ancient grammar schools did their best to foster a virile type of manhood, and that they succeeded in their object must have been patent to anyone who visited an English public school or university during the war.

Nor, in this regard, was the historic institution on the Red, a whit behind her older sisters on the Cam and Isis. Fitting indeed were the words of a prominent member of the faculty before the St. John's College Alma Mater Association three years ago: "In the paucity of our students lies the glory of our College." Never can we repay the debt we owe to that gallant band of "golden boys" who, with a gay heart, gave their greatest gift.

"These laid the world away: poured out the red
Sweet wine of youth: gave up the years to be
Of work and joy and that unhopèd serene
That men call age; and those who would have been
Their sons, they gave their immortality."

It is their glorious youth that is so heart-breaking to us that remain. The old are very weary. But these men were so young, so strong, so full of life, that their early passing seems to be an unspeakable

tragedy. And yet, after all, it is not so, for they have impressed upon us in a way we can never forget that success is only won through service and that Life's secret only finds its ultimate solution at the foot of the Cross.

III.
HISTORIC PUBLIC SCHOOL MOTTOES

III. HISTORIC PUBLIC SCHOOL MOTTOES.

"In Thy light shall we see light."

THE motto of St. John's College and School has doubtless recalled to the mind of many a visitor from the Old Land the historic mottoes that adorn the portals of the great English public schools. Each of these schools has a motto which serves as a constant inspiration to high endeavor, for what we truly and earnestly aspire to be, that, in some measure, we are. As one would naturally expect from the prominent place given to the study of the classics in these time-honored institutions, most of the mottoes are written in Latin, though there are several notable exceptions. Whether written in Latin or English, they are short, sharp and significant.

A striking example is furnished by St. Paul's: "*Doce, Disce, Discede*"!—"Teach, Learn or Depart!" Here the school-boy is taught the first secret of success—the need of making good use of his time. When the Emperor Napoleon visited his old school at Brienne, he said to the boys assembled before him: "Boys, remember that every hour wasted at school means a chance of misfortune in future life. The same lesson is taught in the motto of old St. Paul's.

That of Rugby is like unto it: "*Nihil Sine Laborando*"—"Nothing Without Labor"—no pains, no gains. Early in life, many choose the easy way, but the easy way is always down hill. All work must be thorough. Genius is the art of taking pains, and the youth who expects to achieve success with a minimum expenditure of energy is doomed to disappointment as surely as the sparks fly upward.

In "*Floreat Etona*," the motto of Eton, there is presented the picture of a fruitful vine with its branches spreading out in all directions. In church and state, in the learned professions, and in the army and navy of Great Britain, there are not a few whose lives have been built upon this noble foundation. "*Noblesse Oblige*" has been the mainspring of their conduct, and in all things they have striven to be worthy of the great school whose name is forever associated with their own.

The motto of Winchester is not written in Latin, but in old English: "*Manners Makyth Man*." The word "manners" here has a wider meaning than we ordinarily give it, but the less is included in the greater, and manners has never received a nobler definition than that of Sir Philip Sidney—"High thought seated in a heart of courtesy."

Shrewsbury's motto cuts deep and goes to the very heart of the matter: "*Intus Si Recte, Ne Labora*"—"If all be right within, trouble about nothing." The true gentleman is considerate of the feelings

of others, not because it is a matter of good policy, but because he really feels for others. He will be kind, courteous, and charitable, because his heart is a fountain of kindness, courtesy and charitable-ness. The true gentleman will never cherish spite, nor harbor animosities. He will be always mindful that the things which really corrupt one, come not from without, but from within—out of the heart are the issues of life.

From Harrow we get this fine thought: "*Stet Fortuna Domus*"—"Only can the house abide steadfast in good fortune" by the loyal aid of its own children. As each stands firm in principle, so will the name of one's *alma mater* remain as a symbol of honor from one generation to another. That Harrow need have no fear on that score is evident from this brief extract from the letter of an old Harrovian, written to his parents during the opening year of the war: "It's awful for Tom to be kept at school while this is going on, but I've written to cheer him up by saying the war is going to last two years at least, by which time he will be able to join."

The spirit breathing through every line of that letter home suggests the motto of Westminster School: "*In Patriam Populumque*." What a stirring call that is for every boy to stand up for his native land! What a message it brings to every boy in Canada today! In times to come boys everywhere will wish that the opportunity had been theirs to

live in these great days when history is being made faster than ever before. But the high privilege is always accompanied by heavy responsibility, and no graver responsibility was ever laid upon young shoulders than that which rests upon the boys in our schools at this present hour.

In the torch race of ancient days the contestants ran with lighted torches toward the distant goal. That one was disqualified who, though arriving first, let his torch go out. The race of life should be like that. In our most strenuous efforts to reach the goal of success, we must never allow the light of a high ideal to flicker out and die away in utter darkness. We must put first things first.

"Not so long ago," says an editorial writer, "men were proud to be known as members of exclusive clubs, and to glory in the magnificence of their houses and estates and their motor cars and their yachts. Such things were regarded as the tokens of success. There was much worshipping at the altar of gold, while few gathered before the altar of service and sacrifice. But the world has seen a change lately. A man may belong to twenty exclusive clubs and people will now regard him as a failure unless he is doing something worth while for his fellowmen. A new standard for judging men and women has evolved through the experiences of the war. It isn't how much money you have now. It is how you came into possession of it, and what use you are making of it, that counts with the world today."

It is to be hoped that this new conception of success in life will grow and spread. And yet it is not a new conception for One said long ago, that life does not consist in the abundance of goods which a man possesses. Material interests should be the servants of man, not his master, for, in the last analysis, character is the only true measure of success; character is the diamond which scratches every other stone, the key-stone in the arch of destiny, the only part of us that will survive when we are gone. And character, be it ours to observe, is not only developed through service and self-sacrifice; it is also nourished and strengthened through an abiding faith in the unseen and eternal. In the words of the motto of Charterhouse: "*Deo danti dedi*"—"Only as God gives can man give."

IV.
TEACHERS AS SOCIAL LEADERS

IV. TEACHERS AS SOCIAL LEADERS.

"Our low life was the level's and the night's
He's for the morning."

—*Browning.*

FEW signs of the present day are more hopeful than the altered attitude of society at large to its chief social and economic problems. That attitude in the past was characterized by a spirit of indifference and apathy. Wars, plagues and famines were regarded as direct visitations of God; and any attempt to improve social conditions was looked upon as flying in the face of Divine Providence.

When long restrained protest surged up in the hearts of the masses it was sternly repressed by the strong hand of constituted authority. Any disturbance of the social structure was considered to be rebellion, and, therefore, anathema. Often, indeed, instead of apathy, active hostility rewarded the efforts of those "misguided visionaries" who attempted to improve the conditions of their fellow-beings. The way of reformers, like that of transgressors, was hard. The men who carried the torch of human progress farthest and lifted it highest were reviled even by those whose sordid conditions they sought to improve.

But today a new spirit is everywhere in evidence. Imbued with this new spirit—a spirit of hope and

courage—men decline to believe that the ills of society are incurable. Patient resignation to tyranny and unjust social conditions has, in all democratic countries, gone to join the once widely-held doctrine of the divine right of kings. New issues are boldly attacked, and ancient evils grappled with. Provision for the aged; help for the unfortunate; the study and prevention of disease, poverty and crime; the adjustment of taxation on an equitable basis; the conservation of human life—these are but a few of the problems demanding a solution from our social leaders in the twentieth century.

If we ask ourselves what has caused this deepened interest in our social problems, we must, I think, hold the war largely responsible. As by a lightning flash, says one of our leading educators, the war revealed unsuspected strength and weakness in our social structure, and the advent of peace has confirmed the truth of these revelations. The war followed a period of unexampled growth in material wealth. During this period of high living and plain thinking, our standards were changing and our ideals shifting, not always for the better. But now we are beginning to see that the old virtues must be cherished if the race is to endure. Honour, industry and thrift must be given their proper place in national life. Educational preparedness must be our watchword, and education must be not only of the head and hand, but also of the heart; it must be not only intellectual and technical, but also moral and spiritual.

The school therefore occupies a strategic position in our national development. In rural districts it forms a social centre, Not only is it the place where the children of the neighborhood are taught "the three R's," but it is the headquarters of the social life of the entire community. If there are no churches, the schoolhouse is a convenient meeting place for any religious body wishing to hold services. If a literary society is organized, its sessions are held in the school. There, before an election, political candidates air their views. In short, the school belongs to the community and is the focal point of its social, political and educational life.

Occupying as the school does, such an important place in the life of the district, its presiding genius, the teacher, should be no mere nonentity. His character, his mental attainments, and his outlook upon life, all qualify him for a position of leadership, and no false modesty should prevent him from taking his rightful position. On the contrary, he should endeavor to increase his personal influence by taking an active part in public affairs, and he shirks this responsibility at his peril.

How then can the teacher prepare himself for efficient social leadership? At the risk of appearing somewhat didactic, a few hints may be given, but first of all the teacher should begin with himself. He must maintain his high standard of character, and preserve and increase all his mental resources.

He must cultivate keenness of mind and strive after true perspective in his judgments. In his attitude toward the world, he should not become so centered in the work of the schoolroom that he has no time for outside duties or responsibilities. In local, social or public matters he should be quite ready to take openly whatever stand he may think fit, always letting, like Wordsworth's Happy Warrior, "his law be reason." Finally, by real progressiveness, zeal and skill in the pursuit of his chosen profession, the teacher should win and keep a high place in that great world of practical working men and women which goes to make up the real sum total of democratic citizenship.

Most men, someone has said, are but dwarf specimens of what they might be, especially in relation to public life, because they do not realize their own power. Having great possibilities they yet do the work of pigmies, because they never draw upon that inner force that would make them giants. Most men would more than double their present achievements if they would utilize that latent power within themselves. Today we need leaders, strong personalities in every community, whose influence and example will inspire others to right action. We have all seen certain districts languish and stagnate simply because of the lack of the energy and inspiring leadership of some one man. What a wonderful difference would be wrought in our

national life, if each community in this broad land had a Thomas Arnold or an Edward Thring!

“It is in the advance of individual minds
That the slow crowd should ground their expectations
Eventually to follow, as the sea
Waits for ages in its bed, till some one wave
Out of the multitudinous mass extends
The empire of the whole.”

If, however, the influence of the teacher is to be a lasting force in the community, his position must have some guaranty of permanency. Security of tenure will increase his self-confidence and thus help to develop his powers of leadership. Nor must the question of salary be neglected. The laborer is worthy of his hire; and low salaries will do more than anything else to make of teaching a hireling occupation instead of an honourable profession. As a people, our duty is plain, for, as Dr. Fisher says, “The nation which will succeed in the new era is that which will make teaching the most attractive of professions.” No one, outside the home, exercises a greater influence for good than the conscientious teacher. Minds broadly developed, hearts attuned to the infinite, lives devoted to faithful service; these are the imperishable monuments erected to the memory of those, who now that Life’s term is over, have gone on their Long Vacation.

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V.

THE FRIENDSHIP OF BOOKS

V. THE FRIENDSHIP OF BOOKS.

"Books are yours,
Within whose silent chambers treasure lies
Preserved from age to age; more precious far
Than that accumulated store of gold
And orient gems, which for a day of need,
The Sultan hides deep in ancestral tombs "

IT was a true lover of books who once said:
"Reading enables us to see with the keenest
eyes, to hear with the finest ears, and to listen
to the sweetest voices of all time." A great statue
may stand in a hall, or great picture hang in a
gallery and reach only a comparative few; but a
great thought expressed in fitting words goes out
to the most remote and unexpected places, and flies
ringing down the ages. In the words of Milton,
"A good book is the precious life-blood of a master
spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a
life beyond life."

We know nothing whatever of the first book
produced in the world, but we may, I think, take
it for granted that it was etched with thorns upon
the leaves torn from the forest branches for, ety-
mologically, book and beech are near akin. Thus
the printed page has come down to us through many
centuries from freshly-plucked leaves, papyri, parch-
ment and paper, to the modern product of the
spruce tree. Yet the vital essence of great books

remains unchanged, preserving "as in a vial, the purest efficacy and extraction of the living intellect that bred them."

Arnold Bennett in his "Literary Taste" expands this thought. "Great books," he says, "do not spring from something accidental in the great men who wrote them. They are the effluence of their very core, the expression of the life itself of their authors. And literature cannot be said to have served its true purpose until it has been translated into the actual life of him who reads. It does not succeed until it becomes the vehicle of the vital. . . . Only by conceiving a society without literature can it be clearly realized that the function of literature is to raise the plain towards the level of the peaks. Literature exists so that where one man has lived finely, ten thousand may afterwards live finely. It is a means of life; it concerns the living essence."

What does Bennett mean by "literature"? Unquestionably he has in mind the books that live, for what in literature deserves to live, lives. He refers to those works that are unhesitatingly accepted and accorded a permanent place in our literature. They are classics, and are quoted as standard authorities, for they have in them the catholic quality that appeals to everyone, always, and everywhere.

Take, for instance, "The Vicar of Wakefield," a story written a century and a half ago of the most

commonplace people living in a commonplace environment. Can we conceive of a time when this immortal work will lose its deep human interest and cease to appeal to the intelligent reader; when its pathos will no longer strike an answering chord; when its homely humour will lose its savour, and its wholesome teaching be bereft of force and point?

What then are the characteristics of true literature, and what constitutes its permanence? The first requisite, undoubtedly, is fidelity to human nature. Throughout the ages, human nature remains much the same; therefore what is true to human nature is perennially interesting. How true this is of the Hebrew Scriptures. The stories of Joseph and his brethren, of Jacob and Esau, of David and Jonathan, of patient Job and affectionate Ruth, these stories stand in the very front rank of literature for they deal with the instincts, passions and experiences of humanity in every age.

The second characteristic of a great work of literature is individuality. The book that lives has a soul. The masters of literature possess the power of injecting into their works their own personality. The great majority of books are monuments, memorials of the departed, echoes from the past. Not so with the classics. Generation succeeds generation; literary style changes and changes again; idioms become obsolete, and new words come into use: but each masterpiece of literature remains "a thing of beauty and a joy forever."

The third characteristic of the work of great authors is distinction. You feel that the author is greater than his book. A great man has been defined as one who, while he has done great things, is greater than anything he has ever done. So it is with a great author. He impresses his readers with a sense of his reserve power. He differs from his less famous fellow-craftsman in the same way that the artist differs from the artisan. The one evolves and creates; the other works by rule. The latter may be superior in technique; his style may be smoother, his arrangement better: yet there is something in the work of the former that outweighs all this technical superiority. The difference is this: the great author creates literature, while the other is only a maker of books.

Read, then, only the best books, for there are books of health and books of disease. There are books which give us pleasure, diversion, hope and strength, while there are others that are morbid and leave us with distorted views of life. These latter are often highly praised, but you should not thereby be deceived into believing that genius can change the laws of life or that the most delicate and subtle art can make health out of disease.

The normal, well balanced reader will, however, find little time to spend on such books as these. Great affairs confront us today. Social, political and religious problems are looming up larger than ever before, and a high standard of intelligence is

demanded from the present generation. One of the best courses of reading for the average man is history, along with which should be read the best works on sociology and modern political economy. But whatever course may be chosen, some time should be set aside for the study of the great masterpieces of literature, and the home that is without its Shakespeare, Tennyson or Browning is, when all is said and done, the home of a poor man.

Great books, may we say in closing, are no mere luxuries to the man who has learned to use them rightly. They are as necessary to him as food and clothing, and to the end of his pilgrimage he will regard them as friends. In them he renews the pleasures of life, forgets his worries, and stands out on the high places. True, he may detect something of discord in their mingled voices, but the deeper notes of truth, faith and courage are heard in their undertone, and almost unbidden the words of Dr. Dodd will come to his lips:

“Books, dear books
Have been and are my comforts; morn and night,
Adversity, prosperity, at home,
Abroad, health, sickness—good or ill report—
The same firm friends; the same refreshment rich,
And source of consolation.”

And if by the firelight's glow, in some quiet evening hour he should read St. Francis' "Hymn of Grace," we can imagine him reverently adding a verse giving thanks for books and saying with

Sir John Herschel: "If I were to pray for a taste which should stand me in stead under every variety of circumstances, be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me through life, and a shield against its ills, it would be a taste for reading."

VI.
SHAKESPEARE, WORLD CONQUEROR

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VI. SHAKESPEARE, WORLD CONQUEROR.

Our prince of peace in glory hath gone,
With no spear shaken, no sword drawn,
No cannon fired, no flag unfurled,
To make his conquest of the world.

For him no martyr-fires have blazed,
No limbs been racked, no scaffolds raised;
For him no life was ever shed,
To make the victor's pathway red.

And for all time he wears the crown
Of lasting, limitless renown:
He reigns, whatever monarchs fall;
His throne is in the heart of all.

—*Gerald Massey.*

“CLOSE by the river Avon in Warwickshire, a tall gray spire, springing from amid elms and lime trees, marks the position of the parish church of Stratford, in the chancel of which sleeps the body of our greatest poet. The proud roof of Westminster has been deemed by England the fitting vault for her illustrious dead; but Shakespeare's dust rests in a humbler tomb. By his own loved river, whose gentle music fell sweet upon his childish ear, he dropped into his last sleep; and still its murmur, as it sweeps between its willowy banks seems to sing the poet's dirge. Four lines, carved upon the flat stone which lies over his grave, are ascribed to his own pen. Whoever wrote

them, they have served their purpose well, for a religious horror of disturbing the honoured dust has ever since hung about the place.

Good friend, for Jesus' sake, forbear,
To digg the dust enclosed heare.
Blest be ye man yt spares these stones,
And curst be he yt moves my bones.

A niche in the wall above holds a bust of the poet whose high, arching brow, and oval face, fringed with a peaked beard, and small moustache, are so familiar to us all. How well we know his face and his spirit; and yet how little of the man's real life has descended to our day!"

Dr. Collier is right; to know Shakespeare we must go to the mighty works he has left behind. And what wonderful works these are! We can hardly think a thought that Shakespeare has not anticipated; we can hardly imagine a situation that something he said does not fit. His language is suited to all times and his thought to all places. No part of existence, no depth of the universe, no problem of human life seems to be outside his range. Other writers, even great writers, learn one phase of life and spend their days in revealing its secrets to their fellowmen. But Shakespeare penetrates every sea, harbor, creek and rivulet of human emotion. He identifies himself with the joys and sorrows of king and shepherd, of youth and age, and of all the classes between. Every boy's heart cries out with Prince Arthur:

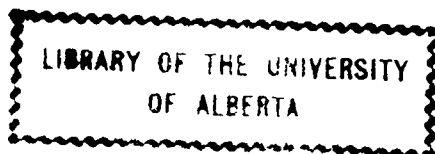
"If I were out of prison and kept sheep,
I should be merry as the day is long."

He shows us many English kings: John, the base; Richard II, the vacillating; Richard III, the crafty; Henry IV, the ambitious; and Henry V, the most human. But his true king is never a tyrant; he is one who

"Dives into men's hearts
With humble and familiar courtesy."

Shakespeare loved kings and soldiers, but he also loved the ordinary man; and so we have that immortal company of characters which age cannot wither nor custom stale. The great dramatist finds them in their good and evil hours, and penetrates them through and through, as if his pen were some magic thing that could pierce their inner lives, and come out touched with their subtlest motives and most secret purposes.

And it is this power of piercing down beneath the surface of life that Shakespeare will give to you if you will but listen to him. He who reads Shakespeare enriches his life and strengthens himself for his battles against the world. The great master shows us human causes and their consequences; he shows how little passions grow to great and lead to tragedy; he shows us how dishonour leads to ruin, and how evil overwhelms the lives of innocent and sinful, too; he gives us the sure foundation of worthy lives: trusting God, loving our country and our neighbors, cherishing friends and bearing ourselves with dignity against an enemy.



Dr. Johnson says, in his Preface to Shakespeare's Works: "He that tries to recommend him by select quotations will succeed like the pedant in Hierocles, who, when he offered his house for sale, carried a brick in his pocket as a specimen." The comparison is an apt one, but at the risk of failure, a few quotations must be given in illustration of the remarks already made. How much worldly wisdom, for instance, is revealed in these half dozen lines:

"Neither a borrower nor a lender be;
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry
This above all: to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

And how much history we may learn from the pages of Shakespeare! Our poet wrote of days before the United Kingdom, before even the beginnings of Empire,—days of border fights and civil warfare: but they were the fights of those whom destiny was to join in unity, in order that from their union the nation should gain that strength which was needed for the security of freedom and safety. The duel between England and France, referred to in a number of Shakespeare's plays, was a fight between equal foes who were trying each other's mettle until the day when, tried and tested, they were to stand shoulder to shoulder against the enemy of Europe. How our poet would have rejoiced to see that day, and we can well believe that he is the leader in the chorus of those whom, in fancy, we can hear, joining

"In a gust of ghostly thanks to God
That the most famous quarrel of all time
In the most famous friendship ends at last."

Shakespeare was a true patriot, and loved his native land with heartfelt devotion. He loved her laws and customs and traditions. He loved her storied past, her undiscovered future, He loved her very soil, and we can imagine him stretching out his hand across the centuries to grasp that of a modern poet, Rupert Brooke, who, before his death in the Great War, penned those haunting lines:

"If I should die, think only this of me
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is forever England "

In his many plays, our poet has revealed the various moods of the Anglo-Saxon race. There is the spirit of daring, which "forgets that ever it heard the name of death," the spirit

"Whose dancing soul doth celebrate
A feast of battle with its adversary "

There is the steadfast, staying mood which "arms itself with patience," the tolerance which knows that

"It is excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant."

There is the ardent individuality which leads a man to

"Grudge a corner in the thing he loves
For other's uses"

and linked with this is "the truant spirit," the love of adventure which impels the sons of Britain to wander afar,

"Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,
To make a hazard of their fortunes."

It is the truant spirit combined with the spirit of sympathy that has created the Empire, binding the "small children" and the great "dominions" into a whole-hearted unity, which knows

"No fight too fierce, no trail too long,
When love says 'Come'."

Both these qualities are found in Shakespeare.

"Sure He that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and God-like reason
To rust in us unused."

Is not this, above all, the characteristic note of the Anglo-Saxon mind, "with that high tolerance in religion; that reverence yet boldness before the mysteriousness of life and death; that love of free institutions; that pursuit of an ever higher justice and larger freedom, which we associate with the temper and character of our race wherever it is dominant and secure."

We come to Shakespeare for all these, for infinitely more than these, and he does not fail us. He is the one voice of our race that will never die. When kings and thrones have perished from the earth, he will reign enthroned in the hearts of men.

VII.
CHARLES DICKENS, DRAMATIST

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“THE works of Milton cannot be comprehended or enjoyed unless the mind of the reader co-operate with that of the writer.” These words of Macaulay on the author of “Paradise Lost,” apply quite as aptly to the creator of “David Copperfield.” What then was the bent of Dickens’ mind when he began to write those works of fiction which are the glory of the Victorian Age? An answer to this question is found in the *Biography*, where we learn that the ambitious young attorney’s clerk spent most of his spare evenings at the theatre. At that time, indeed, Dickens had decided upon a theatrical career, and his daily drudgery in the office was endured only in the hope of release so soon as he found his chance upon the stage. As an amateur he acted frequently, and toward the end of his life his success as a public entertainer owed much to his undoubted gifts in this direction.

It was in those early days when high ambition and the vague consciousness of real ability made him restless, that he applied to the manager of the Covent Garden theatre for an opportunity of showing what it was in him to do. The accident of illness interfered with the appointment granted

him, and owing to some start in journalism the application was not renewed. It is abundantly clear that Dickens came very near to entering the actor's profession, and so close is his connection with the theatrical world, that we cannot regard this incident as a mere detail in the story of his youth. It revealed a natural inclination of mind which was destined to find an outlet in a still broader channel.

In the earlier works of the novelist one would not expect to discover much evidence of dramatic power. Yet even in his earliest attempts, "Sketches by Boz," and "Pickwick," there is one element of the drama which must by no means be overlooked. The term *manners* applies to that medium or atmosphere which colors both action and characters. In some dramas and in certain species of literature, time and place are so purely imaginary and so much a matter of indifference, that the adoption of a purely conventional standard of manners is quite allowable and may even be desirable. Where, on the other hand, as more especially in the kind of comedy which directs its shafts against the ridiculous vices of a particular age or country, the likeness of the manners represented to what is more or less known, must possess the very highest significance.

Of this latter class was the work of Dickens. The Early Victorian Age saw the rise to power of the upper and lower middle classes, and it is of the

latter especially that the novelist generally treats. With a lower rank of society he was perhaps as well acquainted, but it figures much less prominently in his books.

It was an age, harsh, ugly and coarse. Cruelty, brutality, drunkenness and grossness ran riot, and everywhere the gallows and the debtor's prison cast their dark shadows over the land. "It was an age," says one writer, "in which the English character seemed bent on exhibiting all its grossest and meanest and most stupid characteristics. Sheer ugliness of every-day life reached a limit not easily surpassed; thick-headed national prejudice, in consequence of great wars and British victories, had marvellously developed; aristocracy was losing its better influence, and power passing to a well-fed multitude, remarkable for a dogged practicality which, as often as not, meant ferocious egotism. With all this, a prevalence of such ignoble vices as religious hypocrisy and servile snobbishness."

And to this life, so cruel and unlovely, Dickens holds up the mirror. He leads us into the dingy courts and wretched alleys of London, or down its crowded streets, with the hum of traffic or the wail of misery in our ears; while among barges and ships, and below gloomy arches the dark river glides on in solemn stillness laden with its burden of sin and woe.

Occasionally, however, he breaks away from London fog and mystery, into that vague entity

of peaceful hamlets, sunlit meadows and bright sky, which the citizen but dimly knows as "the country." He gives us exquisite pictures of the lone churchyard with its sad memories, the forge-lit sky looking down on roaring furnace and grimy workers, and the wild sea-beach with its simple pathos of toil and danger. But it is only to return to that stage whereon the deepest tragedy and the broadest comedy are hourly played.

I have said that the element of *manners* finds a place in the first two books. In the next, "Oliver Twist," there is something more. Here we find some attempt at *Construction*, and we touch at once upon Dickens' principal weakness. The novelist's love for the stage proved in many cases an ill and not a good, for many a fine passage is marred by dialogue only too characteristic of the world behind the footlights. "Nicholas Nickleby" is marked by the same defect.

"The Old Curiosity Shop" shows decided improvement in construction over its predecessors. Unity of action is better observed, and the story moves to its close in a manner at once happy and serene. Almost the same praise may be accorded to "Barnaby Rudge" which is marked by a departure into historical fiction.

Passing over "American Notes" and the "Carol," we come to "Martin Chuzzlewit," which was completed in 1844. Here all sense of unity is

thrown to the winds and apparently the novelist had no properly defined plan when he began to build. It is necessary, of course, to bear in mind that the works of Dickens appeared in monthly instalments, and this may account for much in the way of faulty construction.

"Dombey and Son" shows considerable dramatic power. It is marked by the choice of a moral theme and in construction is a decided advance upon the author's previous work. There are really two novels here, the first and best ending with the death of Little Paul.

Two years later, "David Copperfield" appeared, and in this genuine masterpiece of fiction, Dickens' genius reached its climax. The action is free, broad and sustained. Though much is improbable, not to say impossible, the very strength of the story sweeps aside all criticism. Here, as in "Bleak House," which appeared three years later, we have some striking examples of the novelists' use of *coincidence*, that time-honored device of the stage.

"An author," says M. Alexandre Dumas *fils* , "as he advances in life can conceive and execute works of stronger tissue, than when he began; in a word the matter he can cast into his mould will be nobler and richer, but the mould will be the same." How eminently true this is of Dickens! The great novelist never learned how to develop *situation*, and later where he gained technique, he lost in

freshness. A great situation must be led up to, step by step; there must be a regular advance toward which character and incident must contribute their proper proportion, and here let it be said in all kindness, is just where Dickens failed.

In concluding this part of our subject it might be well to glance for a moment at Dickens' treatment of the *denouement*. Nowhere should the close be other than a consequence of the action. However sudden or even surprising may be the *denouement*, it should not be unprepared for, but like every other part of the action, should preserve its organic connection with the whole.

Tried by this canon, how do the works of Dickens' fare? I need not ask. Think of those grand closing scenes. Always a lover of poetic justice, the novelist gives his readers full satisfaction. The villains get their just desserts, full measure and running over. On the other hand, see how the weak and abused, the downtrodden and misunderstood receive their appropriate rewards even here. Surely such grand *finales* have never been surpassed even on the stage. We laugh, but the laugh is a kindly one, for we know when we consult our inmost hearts that not for worlds would we have it otherwise.

Another feature of the drama which determines in no slight degree the effect produced in a finished work is one quite as important as choice of subject, conception of action or method of construction. I

refer to *Characterization*, for upon the invention and conduct of his characters an author must always largely depend for his ultimate success.

And what of Dickens' characters? They are so numerous, so varied, so representative of the times in which he lived, that it is difficult to individualize. They have been called caricatures. Be it so, call them caricatures if you will, but you must grant that they are caricatures of great force, full of robust fun, rough in texture, and able to stand by themselves.

On the stage where all goes with a snap, consistency of character is not so important as distinctness of drawing. The attributes of a character may be somewhat incongruous if they make the character itself more readily recognizable. Dickens' love for theatrical effect, then, as well as the manner in which his books were published—monthly instalments in twenty parts—could not but affect his characterization. Again we must remember that Dickens was an idealist. Realism in literature had not come into vogue, and even had the popular author begun his career a half century later, we cannot believe that he would have written other than he did. Anything, however true it might be, that would bring a blush to the cheek of innocence, anything that would pander to a love of vice or sensuality, Dickens carefully and religiously eschewed, and though forced to sacrifice much in the way of artistic excellence, though compelled time and

again to skim the surface instead of plunging into the heart of things, who shall say that the great artist has not won his reward?

Finally, there is one other element of dramatic power which, though appearing in the very earliest of Dickens' books, I have here reserved until the last. I refer, of course, to that rare quality which Dickens shares with nearly all the greatest of English writers, the divine gift of *humor*. It was, in short, Dickens' greatest asset, the salt without which all his work would lose its savor. In the display of this genial power lay the secret of the young novelist's early success. "Without his humor," one critic truly remarks, "he might have been a vigorous advocate of social reform, but as a novelist assuredly he would have failed. Only because they laughed with him so heartily did multitudes of people turn to discussing the question his page suggested. Humor is the soul of his work. Like the soul of man, it permeates a living fabric which, but for its creative breath, could never have existed."

In his first books, the "Sketches" and "Pickwick," Dickens' humor discovers itself in the broadest form of farce. In his later works it soars to greater heights and takes on that illuminative aspect inseparable from humor in its highest form. Farce is entertaining, humor is suggestive. Dickens was master in both fields and traverses either with equal facility.

Closely connected with, and indeed we might say inseparable from humor, is that elusive quality we call *pathos*. Pathos is something which requires the most delicate handling lest it degenerate into mushiness or cheap sentimentality. Because of that life-long love for the satire already noted, Dickens could not well escape this subtle pitfall, and into it he fell headlong again and again.

And yet of true pathos, Dickens has abundance. Those scenes portraying life in the squalid debtors' prison; those touching pictures of childlife in the under world; the tenderness that captured the heart of the great public in the "Christmas Carol"; those touches of the most exquisite pathos have rarely been equalled in the pages of fiction. By tenderly and lovingly striking the chords of human emotion, Dickens was constantly rousing the better feelings of his readers, and that, after all, is no small test of the writer's dramatic power.

The writer's dramatic power! That phrase, I fear, suggest much more than I have, within the limits of this brief essay, attempted to set down. Yet I am convinced that therein lies the key to a successful study of the creative power of a writer whose works make the reader free of a society for every mood, and introduce to him specimens of humanity that excite the liveliest detestation of everything mean and base or attract with all the strength of personal affection.

VIII.
JANE AUSTEN, MINIATURIST

VIII. JANE AUSTEN, MINATURIST.

IT is barely more than a hundred years ago since a band of mourners, on a summer day in mid-July, gathered about an open grave in Winchester Cathedral. Jane Austen, beloved by a large circle of relatives and friends, had completed the forty-one years of her earthly pilgrimage, and on this memorable morning her frail body was committed to the dust within the precincts of that sacred fane which had been the resting place of kings and queens for nearly a thousand years. Born in the year of the outbreak of the American Revolution, she passed to her reward just when the last faint echoes of the great upheaval that arose out of the French Revolution had begun to die away. Between these two towering peaks on the highroad of history her uneventful life lies like a peaceful, sunlit valley, undisturbed by the roar of conflict or the clash of arms. Yet today, after the lapse of a hundred years, men and women the world over find time to pay their tribute of praise to this gifted child of genius whose little collection of works still hold thousands of interested readers in thrall.

The nineteenth century was as yet comparatively young when Jane Austen died; the opening of the twentieth not only finds her name on fame's bead-

roll, but outshining nearly all those of her contemporaries in her especial field. Nothing would have amazed Miss Austen more than to be told that a century after her death she would have a far wider audience than she ever had in her life—that her letters would be thought worth publishing, and that some dozen biographies of her would have been written. She is, indeed, one of those writers who excite a deep personal interest. One of the least subjective of novelists we nevertheless feel in the printed page some part of the charm she exercised in the flesh.

Jane Austen, the youngest child but one of the Rev. George Austen and Cassandra Leigh, was born December 16, 1775, at Steventon, Hampshire, a parish of which her father was then rector. Her childhood, though not especially eventful, was a happy one, and both then and in her later womanhood she mingled freely in the refined society to which by birth she belonged. In the spring of 1801 her family removed to Bath, and on her father's death, four years later, again removed to Southampton. There Jane remained four years with her mother and sister in somewhat straitened circumstances till, in 1809, they took up their abode at Chawton, a small Hampshire village. Here the shy, retiring authoress led a busy life until her health failed and she was carried to Winchester for medical attention. There, two months later, she died on July 18, 1817.

The Austen collection is a small one—only six completed works in all: “Sense and Sensibility,” published in 1811, but written more than ten years earlier; “Pride and Prejudice,” completed in 1797, and given to the world in 1813; “Mansfield Park,” appearing in 1814; “Emma,” written and published in 1816; “Persuasion,” completed in the summer of 1816, but not issued until 1818, and “Northanger Abbey,” written in 1798, but not appearing until twenty years later. “Pride and Prejudice” was thirteen long years finding a publisher; “Northanger Abbey” was sold for the paltry sum of ten pounds; “Persuasion” remained in manuscript until after Miss Austen’s death. In the general sitting room at Chawton, Jane did most of her literary work, subject to interruptions from servants and visitors, writing on small sheets of paper which could be easily slipped under her blotting pad whenever the creaking swing door gave notice that anyone was coming. Modest and shy, she evaded publicity and few outside her own family circle learned her secret while she lived.

Miss Austen never attempted to depict a wide range of locality or character. The scenes of her stories are laid in small English towns with which she was thoroughly familiar. Simple domestic episodes and ordinary people of her own class comprised her materials, and she exhibits wonderful skill in fashioning these into entertaining narratives. She wrote of clergymen, for she was a child of the

parsonage; she wrote of the navy for two of her brothers were sailors. She introduced many a faithful bit of description touching Bath, Portsmouth or Lyme-Regis, because she knew those places intimately. She comprehended fully the controlling motives of persons of her own rank in society, and in her novels we may listen to the conversation of her men and women as she listened to the people round her, hearing the same accents and noting all the little tricks of manner as she would do. As Sir Walter Scott says in his bluff, big-hearted way, "That young lady has a talent for describing the involvement of feelings and characters of ordinary life, which is to me the most wonderful I ever met with."

She understood, too, the nature of her limitations and the extent of her proper field. Accordingly we never find her attempting tragedy in any form, for her talent, as she was aware, lay all in the direction of comedy. In her six novels there is not a single death recorded, and there are few disasters that may be termed serious. She discussed no weighty problem of existence; she aimed at the accomplishment of no special reform; such matters were quite outside her range of vision. But so perfectly has she painted the life of her own secluded, yet charming circle, that no artist since her day has gone beyond her. Her novels stand alone in the world of English fiction, and are at once the wonder

and delight of those who, as Sainte-Beuve says:
“Are, from certain conditions of heart and mind,
in a condition to yield themselves up to the pleasure
which perfection in literary art can give,”

IX.

SOARERS ON BROKEN PINIONS

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SOME amusement was afforded us one day last summer by the behaviour of a mother duck on the lake near our reading camp. Accompanied by her tender brood of pretty ducklings she was busily engaged in teaching them how to deport themselves in the open water when she sighted our approach. Giving a quick, sharp cry of warning she made for the other end of the bay, while the little ones scampered for the rushes. The mother appeared to be wounded, and this we regarded as a ruse on her part to attract attention to herself rather than to her precious children.

But we were wrong. Even when her ducklings were safely under cover and she herself well out of harm's way we noticed that she still swam with a peculiar side-long motion. She was lame. Probably a shot in the previous autumn had been sufficient to cripple her but not to kill, and she had been able to make the annual flight southward. Now she had returned to her northern home, and in spite of a heavy handicap was doing her duty nobly, in that state of life in which it had pleased God to call her.

Tonight as we gather round the library table the incident recurs to our minds and gives rise to

reflection. How many of the Masters of Literature, especially our "Singing Birds," were lame, halt or blind! Here is a volume of Milton with a cut of the great Puritan singer looking out sadly upon us from the frontispiece. His story is one that cannot easily be forgotten. As Latin Secretary he was called upon to write a reply to Salmatius who had written a book attacking the Commonwealth. His eyes were already failing him and he had been advised to rest them. This he refused to do, saying that he would willingly sacrifice his eyesight on the altar of liberty. His sacrifice was accepted, and at the age of forty-three he became totally blind.

Milton's Sonnet on his Blindness is a classic, but there is a passage in "Paradise Lost" which is quite as touching, so exquisitely does it portray the sadness of his lot:

"Thus with the year,
Seasons return; but not to me return
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom or summer's rose,
Or flocks or herds, or human face divine;
But clouds instead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of man
Cut off."

Like another Adam driven out of Eden, the poet felt himself shut out from all those sights which once so sweetly ministered to his pleasure. Yet he says:

"The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a Heaven of Hell, a Hell of Heaven;
What matter where, if I be still the same?"

Almost as sad as that of Milton was the life of William Cowper. Till the influence of Wordsworth displaced him, Cowper was the poet of a large class of serious and thoughtful minds, and even today his works are held in high esteem. Yet, like Milton, the Olney poet, was "cut off" from his fellow-men. His inordinate shyness, as well as his recurring fits of insanity, unfitted him for active life, and most of his days were spent in retirement amid the quietest of surroundings.

Cowper's life is a tale of almost continual sadness. At the age of six he lost his mother and was placed in a boarding school, where he endured suffering untold. It is said that he was so terrified of one rough boy that he could never raise his eyes to the bully's face, but knew him unmistakably by his shoe buckles. He studied law, but his fear of a public examination led to a fit of madness, and he spent eighteen months in an asylum. Upon his recovery he was taken into the home of Rev. Mr. Unwin, where he lived quietly until his death.

Of a far different type was Byron, who shared with Cowper a prominent place in the Romantic School. His father was a reckless spendthrift; his mother a capricious woman who would lavish fond caresses upon him one moment, and throw scissors or tongs at him the next. Thus the "lame brat" grew up in a spirit of revolt. His accession to the peerage in 1798 did not tend to tame his haughty nature,

and his lameness and poverty combined to make him the most miserable man in England.

The publication of "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage" brought him fame, and for a time he was surfeited with flattery and adulation. His private life, however, offended the English public, and he left his native land in 1816, never to return. Joining the Greeks in their struggle for independence, he contracted fever, and after restlessly battling with the disease for a time, he passed away in April, 1824. Well might his description of Childe Harold have served for his own epitaph:

"And none did love him—though to hall and bower
He gathered revellers from far and near;
He knew them flatterers of the festal hour,
The heartless parasites of present cheer."

A contemporary of Byron was Keats, a very master of melody. Never strong, Keats died of consumption when he was only twenty-five, and left the world poorer for his passing. In his beautiful "Ode to a Nightingale" we catch a glimpse of that deep melancholy which lay upon him like a weight and compelled him to be "half in love with easeful Death," so depressed was he with life's weariness:

"The weariness, the fever and the fret,
Here where men sit and hear each other groan,
Where palsy shakes a few, sad gray hairs,
Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin and dies,
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
And leaden-eyed despairs."

Less known to fame was Thomas Hood, whose good nature and lively disposition won him the friendship of all the literary men of his time. Unlike, Keats, ill-health and straitened circumstances held no power over his exuberant spirits, and "Hood's Own," though it may not have been a "thing of beauty," yet remains "a joy forever." Those deathless songs, "The Song of the Shirt," "The Bridge of Sighs," and "The Song of the Laborer," touch upon life's most tragic side, but by far the greater part of Hood's work was written in lighter vein. And when we remember that much of this work was conducted from a sick bed, we cannot help but admire the man, who with disease and poverty on either hand, could write such airy trifles as "Ben Battle was a Soldier Bold." Hood's first work, "Odes and Addresses," was written in conjunction with Reynolds, the friend of Keats; and it is interesting to find Sir Walter Scott acknowledging the gift of the work with no formal expression of thanks, but "wishing the unknown author good health, good fortune, and whatever good things can best support and encourage his lively vein of inoffensive and humorous satire."

The good, brave Sir Walter!—he, too, fought a noble fight on life's stern field. Lame from childhood, he was allowed to follow his early love of reading without let or hindrance, and thus was enabled to lay up a vast store of material for future use. First winning fame as a poet, it was not until he was

forty-three that he discovered wherein his greatest powers lay. He then published "Waverly," the first of that remarkable series of romances known by that general name.

The crisis which showed the sterling worth of Scott's character came in 1825, when the publishing firm of Ballantyne Brothers, in which he was interested, became involved to the extent of £117,000. Sir Walter might have taken advantage of the bankruptcy law, but he resolutely refused to take any step that would remove his obligation to pay the debt. At the age of fifty-four he abandoned his life-long dream of founding the house of Scott of Abbotsford and set to work to pay off the huge sum by the earnings of his pen.

In four years he had paid £70,000 to his creditors, and had given to the world an example of honor more valuable than a thousand sermons. One day the tears rolled down his cheeks because he could no longer force his fingers to grasp the pen. The king offered him a man-of-war in which to make a voyage to the Mediterranean. Hoping to regain his health, Sir Walter made the trip, but the rest came too late. He returned to Abbotsford in a sinking condition, and died a few weeks later.

Like Scott in more ways than one was that other fascinating Scotch poet and novelist, Robert Louis Stevenson. Both were delicate in childhood; both were called to the bar; both relinquished law for literature. Stevenson's

health was always precarious, and in 1888 he went to the southern Pacific, where it was hoped that a milder climate might give him a longer lease of life. Here he lived for six years, but ever grew steadily weaker. As death drew near he strove hard to complete his last work, "Weir of Hermiston," and the last chapter of that unfinished story was dictated on his fingers. Well might Huxley's motto have been written on the door-post of the dying writer's home in far-away Samoa:

"Work as if you were to live forever,
Live as if you were to die tomorrow."

Born just a year earlier than Stevenson, and intimately associated with him for several years, William Ernest Henley deserves mention. Like "R.L.S." he was an indefatigable worker, and the two writers collaborated in the writing of three or four plays. Henley was practically a cripple, and, as with Byron, his affliction served to make him bitter and morose. His first book of poems, "In Hospital" was inspired by his experiences as a patient in Edinburgh Infirmary; and the lines

"Beneath the bludgeonings of fate
My head is bloody but unbowed."

sum up his grimly stoical philosophy.

Perhaps the saddest case in recent years is that of William Watson. Watson came near to being England's Poet Laureate, for he was Gladstone's choice after the death of Tennyson. He would certainly have been appointed to the position but for a serious illness, brought on, according to his

brother's account, by his writing for fifty consecutive hours without a break. The poem, the writing of which was attended with such serious consequences, was his "Lachrymae Musarum," an elegy on Tennyson, which Gladstone told Queen Victoria he thought greater than Tennyson's "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington."

Gladstone was not far wrong; the poem is worthy of a place beside Milton's "Lycidas" and Shelley's "Adonais." Indeed, we can think of no more fitting conclusion to this brief *causerie* than Watson's reference to his meeting with Tennyson:

"Once in his youth obscure
The maker of this verse, which shall endure
By splendour of its theme, which cannot die,
Beheld thee, eye to eye;
And touched through thee the hand
Of every hero of thy race divine,
Ev'n to the sire of all the laurelled line,
The sightless wanderer on the Ionian strand "

What consolation is found here, too, for those great souls who, in pain and suffering, wearily winged their flight through the vast empyrean—those brave *Lame Ducks* whose broken pinions could in no wise impede their destined flight.

"Empires dissolve and peoples disappear;
Song passes not away.
Captains and conquerors leave a little dust,
And kings a dubious legend of their reign;
The swords of Caesars, they are less than rust—
The poet doth remain.
Dead is Augustus; Hero is alive;
And thou, the Mantuan of our age and clime,
Like Virgil shall thy race and tongue survive,
Bequeathing no less honeyed words to time."

X.

THE CROESUS OF THE CLOISTER

X. THE CROESUS OF THE CLOISTER.

"When I could not sleep for cold,
I had fire enough in my brain;
And builded with roofs of gold,
My beautiful Castles in Spain "

—Lowell.

NOT long since, I came upon two of my friends engaged in hot debate over the perennially interesting question—Who is the richest man in the world? One boldly declared that the modern Croesus was a well-known American oil magnate, while the other stoutly affirmed that he was an English peer. When I ventured to express my modest opinion that neither was correct, they looked at me in pained surprise; but when I stated that the richest man in the world was the man of imagination, both, I blush to relate, gave way to an unseemly exhibition of mirth.

Yet, I am convinced I was right, for as I sit here alone in the dim twilight of the college library Time's curtain is rolled back, and I am an undergraduate once more in old St. John's. It is "Lit. Night," and as the eloquent Dean of Rupert's Land, Dr. O'Meara, concludes his brilliant address with a glowing peroration, the high, vaulted chamber rings with applause. Dear old "*Paddy*," though the grass upon thy grave in the quiet churchyard has

been whitened by the snows of twenty winters, the memory of that address on "The Man of Imagination" haunts me still, and I would that my faltering pen tonight could catch the beauty of its sparkling phrases.

Yea, rich beyond the dreams of avarice is the man of imagination. He opens a door in the *Palace of Life*, and all the treasures of art lie scattered at his feet. Notes of celestial music fall in a shower of melody upon his enraptured ear. Poetical fancies crowd in upon one another so fast that his laboring pen is unable to transcribe them. Visions of transcendent beauty mock his aspiring spirit and refuse to be compressed within the slow processes of pencil and brush.

He opens the door of *Science*, for in this field also, he is no intruder. Every student of science knows the value of hypotheses, those resting places which the intellect finds so indispensable in its passage from isolated facts to the widest and most certain principles and laws. Had it not been for the help of such hypotheses, science would never have achieved the results which she has already accomplished. We do well to remember, then, that hypotheses are distinctly the product of the imagination, of the scientific imagination—the trained, cultivated, well-informed imagination if you will—but still the imagination.

And then do we not know that in the realm of research, the closest scrutiny of facts, the keenest

observations often stumble and halt, and refuse to take the voyager further on his way. It is just at this point in the progress of scientific discovery that the power of the imagination proves of incalculable value. It was so with Newton, who, in the falling apple read the secret of that law which the creative hand of the Almighty had written broad and bright across the realms of space. It was so with Watt, who, in the bubbling of his mother's kettle, perceived the force that should transform as with a wizard's wand the whole life and history of the human race. You might as well bid the biologist examine the finest tissue cells without his microscope, or ask the astronomer to study the most distant stars without his telescope as to require the scientific genius to reach his finest and most fruitful issues without the aid of his imagination.

The richest man in the world takes his golden key and opens yet another room—the *Chamber of Action*, of conduct, of character. It is almost a truism to say that ideals are the product of the imagination, and if ideals holds so important a place in the philosophy of conduct, have they not an equally high place in the history of human action? As Carlyle has said: "The history of a nation is the history of its great men." At the glowing fires of noble lives whole generations of men have kindled their imaginations and as a result new moral power has surged like a flood through the hearts of millions.

Thus does the imagination lay its hand upon the threefold activities of the man's mind—the intellect, the feelings and the will. And from that Pactolus touch all life is uplifted, enriched and glorified as it can be by none other of the God-given faculties of the human soul. For the Man of Imagination, *Space* and *Time* are nought. Like Shakespeare's elf, his aspiring spirit can "girdle the earth in forty minutes," and *Time* is only an eternal *Now*.

The *Past* is his. With the "blind old man of Scio's rocky isle," he walks the Aegean shores and hears once more the shouts of striving hosts on the plains of windy Troy. He wanders amid the gardens of the Academy, or stands in the Painted Porch and feels his soul swell with the mighty thoughts of Socrátēs and Plato. He hears again the shout of crusading hosts, and sees the sun gleam upon the swords of Saladin and the great King of the Lion Heart.

The *Present* is his. It is the Man of Imagination who "finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything." Nor is deep insight into human nature denied him; for he, alone, can enter fully into the joys and sorrows of his fellowmen. It is only he, indeed, who can "weep with those that weep and rejoice with those that do rejoice."

And the *Future* is his. The Man of Imagination is your only true *prophet*, for he alone can see a

nation's destiny unfold itself like a mighty panorama before his eyes. The Man of Imagination is your only true *statesman* for he alone can picture vast solitudes transformed into populous cities, scattered provinces built into nations, warring nations welded into one mighty whole. Finally, the Man of Imagination is your only true *reformer*, for he alone can overleap the barriers of embattled wrong, and live—

“In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge man's search
To vaster issues.”

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